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The Curandera from: More Bone-chilling Tales of Fright
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Key To Strands: Front Cover-FC, Super Scary
Story-SSS, Our Haunted World-OHW, Strange But
True-SBT, Puzzles-PUZ, Classic Serial-CS, The
Unexplained-TU.

Photographs*: Barnaby's Picture Library SBT2(tl);
Eaglemoss Publications (John Suet) BC(sp); E T
Archive (National Museum Of Labour History)
SBT1(bl); Mary Evans Picture Library Ltd SBT1(tr),
CS4(tr), TU1(cr); Fortean Picture Library OHW1(bl),
OHW2(br), (Kevin Braithwaite) TU2(bl); Getty Images
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SBT2(bl); Simon Marsden OHW1(br); Novosti TU2(c);
Rex Features Ltd (Juhan Kuus/Sipa Press) TU2(br),
(Ross Parry) TU1(c); Science Photo Library Ltd (CNRI)
TU2(tl).

Illustrations*: Christyan Fox OHW3-4(sp); Lee
Gibbons TU1-2(sp); John Higgins CS1-4(sp); David
Kearney (Artist Partners) SSS1-7(sp); David Millgate
FRONT COVER(tl); Jerry Paris CS1(t), PUZ1-2(sp); Luis
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Editorial and distribution offices
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7 Cromwell Road, London SW7 2HR
Editor: Jenny Curran
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Vanessa Morgan
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Printed by: CSM Impact, England
Colour origination by: Colourscan, Singapore

FREE IN
ISSUE 29
Spooky
Pop-up



Next week in

THE SPINECHILLER
Collection

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Dead Giveaway

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Hong Kong
In the Dog-House

STRANGE BUT TRUE
Avenues of Carnac

CLASSIC SERIAL
The Body-Snatcher
Chapter 2

PUZZLES
Dungeon

THE UNEXPLAINED
Teleportation

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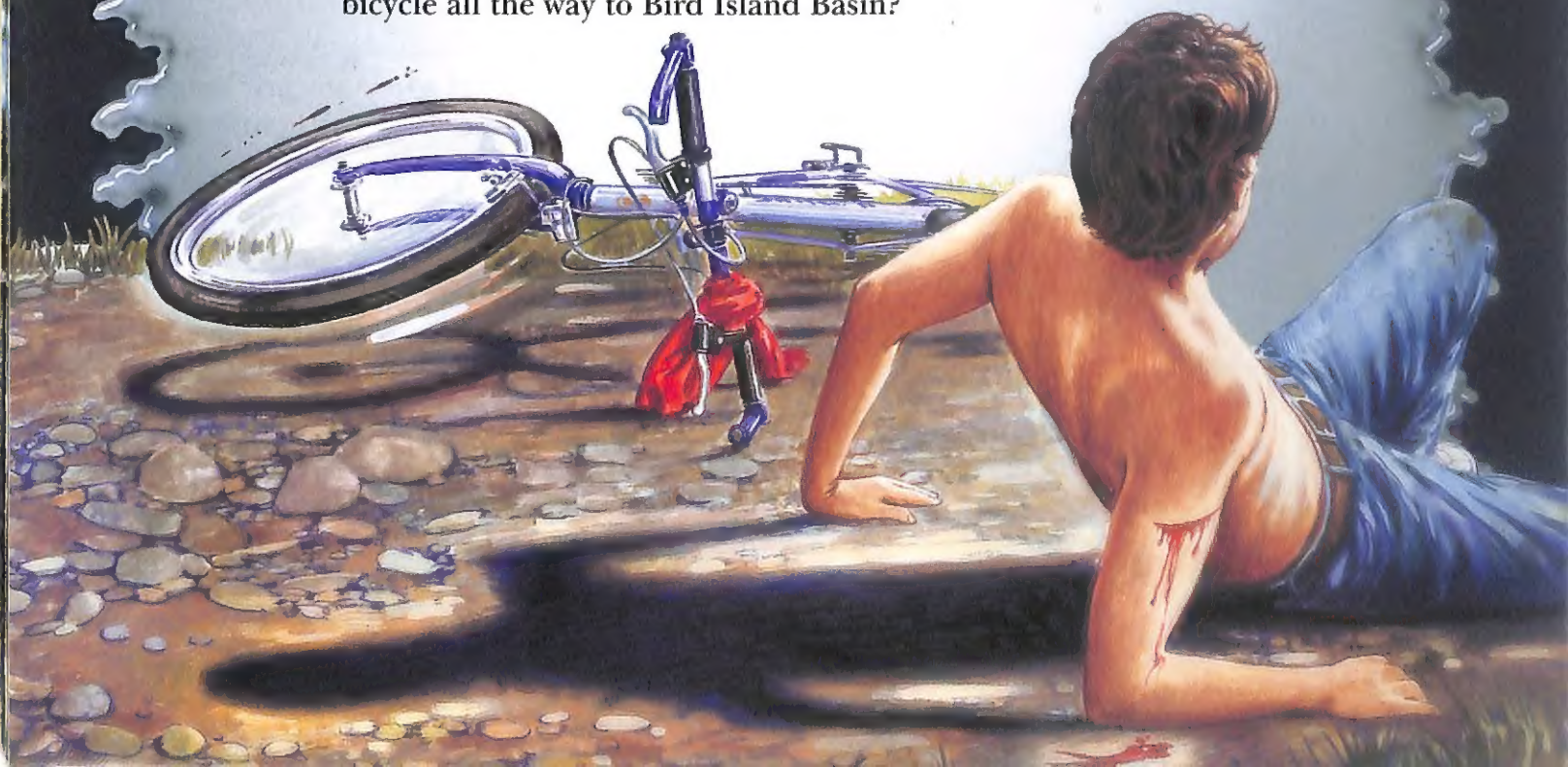


One moment, Martin was flying across the bridge over
the blue water of the Laguna Madre, his T-shirt tied
in a knot on the handlebars, the wind hot on his bare
chest and arms. The next, he was flat on his back on
the rocky shore.

At first, he didn't understand what had happened. But, as the
ringing in his ears began to fade, he realised he had skidded on
the sand-swept road and lost control of his bike. Beside his head,
one wheel was still spinning.

When he tried to push himself up, a hot pain shot through his
arm and he let out a piercing scream. He hadn't meant to, he just
did, and that frightened him. He looked at his arm. The rocks
had made a huge gash in his skin and streams of blood were
running down his arm. "Oh, no!" Martin moaned, slumping back
again and closing his eyes against the pain and the glaring sun.

Then Martin thought of his father. He'd be angry. He'd see
Martin's arm and shout, "Where have you been? What have
you been doing?" How could Martin hide the truth
from him - that he had skipped school and ridden his
bicycle all the way to Bird Island Basin?



Martin couldn't lie to his father. He had tried, but his father was always able to see through his excuses and stories.

The thought of his father's anger pushed Martin to act. He struggled to his feet, careful not to put any weight on his arm. The wheel on his bicycle had stopped spinning, but he could see that the rim was twisted. Now Martin was really afraid. He'd only had the bike for a week. Since last year, he had been begging his father for a bike, and last week his father had surprised him. When Martin had returned from school, there by the front door was a brand new bike.

"For me?" Martin had asked incredulously.

His father was a big, broad-shouldered man who worked in the docks. He had never hugged his son in all of Martin's thirteen years, but every once in a while he came home with a gift. "Yes, it's for you," he had said, and walked into the house.



That's how it was with Martin and his father. Lots of times Martin had wanted to sit and talk to him about stuff like football or fishing. But the words always caught in his throat. That's what happened the day his father gave him the bike. Martin had wanted to say something nice like "Thanks, Dad, it's great!" or "I love it." But he just couldn't find the words.

The new bike was why Martin had come to Bird Island Basin that morning. He had wanted to test its speed on the long stretch of road that curved like a bird claw into the lagoon.

Martin used his good hand to pull up the bike. He scowled at the bent wheel. He would have to push the bike all the way back to town. His arm was throbbing and still bleeding, and Martin knew he should start heading for home.



He took one last look across the lagoon. On the shore, a blue heron was concentrating very hard on some movements beneath the water's shimmering surface. The large bird stood as still as a statue, one leg held up and bent as if it, like Martin's arm, was injured. Then the heron's head darted into the water and speared a mullet. Having finished its meal, the heron stretched its long neck and squawked loudly. It took three steps, spread its huge wings, and lifted up into the air. As he watched it fly away, Martin wished he were the heron. Then he could fly home. Martin untied his T-shirt from the handlebars and wiped the grit from his eyes. He wrapped the shirt tightly round his bleeding arm and started down the road towards the town. The curandera's, or medicine woman's, shack was just ahead. When Martin had passed the shack on his bike ten minutes ago, he had shifted to the other side of the road. Just to be safe. He had never seen the curandera, but imagined her to be a toothless, old hag. He had heard of stories about how she mixed herbs and ground roots into potions that

made people act strangely, how she trapped exotic birds and lizards and kept them in cages. Martin had heard people call her a witch.



Martin walked, pain crept up his arm to his shoulder. It was hard work pushing with one hand a broken bike down a sandy road against the wind, and Martin became very thirsty. He stopped in the middle of the road and wiped the sweat off his forehead.

He was almost in front of the curandera's shack, an odd-looking structure made of wood and irregular pieces of scrap metal. There were no



electric or telephone lines out on the island, so the old woman could not help Martin by calling his mother to come and get him. But maybe she could give him something cool to drink. What harm could there be in asking for that, he wondered... unless she really was a witch?

Just then, the screen door on the shack opened, and out stepped the curandera. Behind her, the hazy sun flashed silver on

the water like a hundred shimmering fish lures. "Come here," she called.

Despite the heat, Martin shivered. He couldn't move. He wondered if she had been watching him the whole time from the window.

"You're hurt," she said. "I will help you." She held out her hand.

Still, Martin did not move.

"Do not be afraid," the woman called above the rising wind. "I am a healer."

Almost without realising it, Martin let the bike slide to the ground and started to walk towards her. As he drew near, Martin found to his surprise that the woman wasn't an old crone at all. Her face was brown and smooth like a bird's egg and seemed to have kindness in it. Her hair was long and black, not grey and wiry. It curled like seaweed over her shoulders.

"You need to rest. Sit here," she said, pointing to an overturned crate in the shade of the shack.

Grateful to be out of the hot sun, Martin allowed the strange woman to remove the bloody T-shirt. Gently she unwrapped it and dropped it in the sand. He whimpered in pain when she lifted his arm to look more closely at the jagged cut.

"Pain is good sometimes," she said, smiling. "It teaches us."

"Teaches us what?" he asked sullenly.

"To change our way of doing things," she explained, "to change our lives."

Martin wasn't sure he wanted to change his life. But if he could change one thing, it would be never to have come to Bird Island Basin that morning, and never to have lost control of his bike.

"Your father need never know," she said.

Martin stared at her. Had she read his mind? "Do you know my father?"

She shrugged. "One person is much the same as another. Humans are such dull creatures."

"You don't know me!" Martin challenged, feeling brave now that he had seen that she was only an ordinary woman who lived alone on the water.

"I know that you are a boy who should be in school." She eased his arm down. "The cut is not so bad. I have just the thing to make it better."

"I only need something to drink," he said, but she had already disappeared inside the shack.



Far out on the deeper, bluer water, a motorboat skipped over the choppy waves, heading for the Gulf. A boat that skipped over the water was what Martin's father longed for. Year after year, he'd say the same thing. "Some day, Martin, you and I will have our own boat, yes? And we will go far into the Gulf for fish." But whenever Martin asked his father when that day would be, his father would answer, "Boats cost a lot of money," and then he would go quiet again.

Now Martin turned his head to look at where his bike was lying in the sand beside the road.



He knew it had cost his father a bit of money, and a flood of guilt coursed through him. He decided to leave before the curandera came back. He would face his father like a man and be done with it. But when Martin got up to go, the old woman was already beside him. She was carrying two coloured-glass jars.

"You must trust me," she said. "Or do you want your father to know where you have been, and what you have done?"

"I want to tell him, but..."

"But you're afraid," the curandera finished. "Sit," she commanded.

As if unable to do anything else, Martin sank back on to the crate.

The woman removed the lid from the first jar and dipped her fingers into it. When she withdrew them, they were coated with a green pulp. She smeared the cool green mixture on Martin's arm.

"What is that?" he asked.

"It is just the fruit from a shrub that grows out here on the dunes."

The pulp felt cool and had a numbing effect. Still, he thought it would be better for him if the curandera could fix his bike instead. His arm would heal with a thick white scar that he could show off at school, but how was he going to explain the bent bike wheel to his father?

The curandera laughed. "No, it does not work on metal," she said.

Martin gasped, "She's reading my mind."

"But," the curandera continued, "I can help you another way – by hiding the truth from your father."

She smeared more of the green pulp on his arm, and Martin noticed the bleeding had stopped. He looked up at her. "Why do you live out here alone?" he blurted. "Don't you like people?"

"I like birds better. They, with fish and lizards and flowers, bring beauty into the world. Humans only destroy things."

The curandera undid the lid from the second jar. It was larger and held a thorny twig thickly laced with a spider's web.

"No!" Martin shook his head. "Don't put that on me!"

Ignoring him, she swirled two fingers into the jar, scooping out a good bit of the web. "It is a necessary part of the cure," she said. "The protein in the spider's threads will heal your skin."

"Please, don't," he pleaded, trying to pull his arm away. But it was as if his body were no longer listening to his brain. With his free hand, he dug into the curandera's arm. She did not cry out even though Martin could see that his fingernails had drawn blood.

He had not noticed the spider before, but now it was crawling up the twig in the jar. He watched the curandera flip it away from the opening back into the jar, then screw on the vented lid.

Martin tried to stand, to get away. But the numbness had crept into his legs, too.

"It is no use trying," the curandera said softly. "The potion works quickly."

Still, Martin squirmed. How could something as invisible as a spider's web hold him down? "I have to go home," he insisted. "My father will be very angry."

"No," she said, smiling. "Your father will

never know. I have told you that." Her voice had a shushing sound. Martin stopped squirming. The numbness was seeping over his shoulders and up his neck.

"But I want to go home." His voice was a croak. It sounded like a bird crying in the night. "I want to go home!"

She sat back, having finished applying the moist web. The inside of his arm was completely cocooned. "You have made your wish and now it will come true."

He could no longer move his head, but his eyes searched her brown eggshell face. It did not look so kind now. "What wish?"

But she only smiled.

"You are a witch!" he shrieked. "You are! You are!"

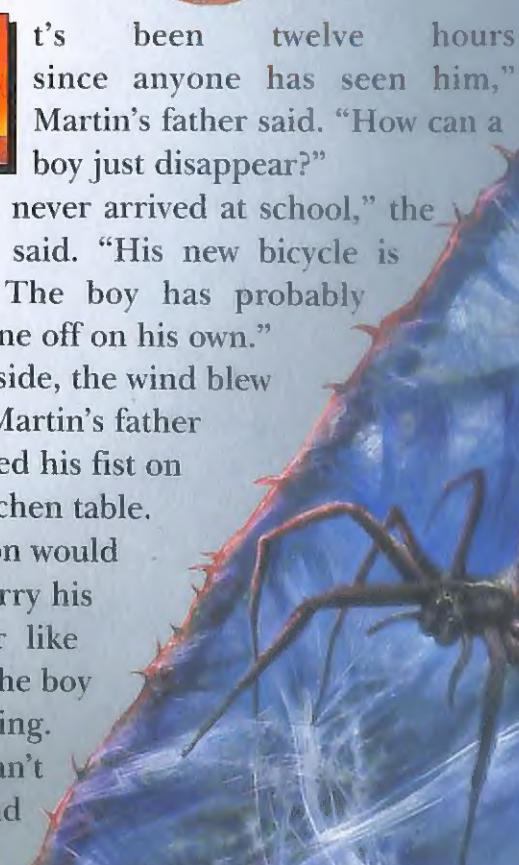


It's been twelve hours since anyone has seen him," Martin's father said. "How can a boy just disappear?"

"He never arrived at school," the sheriff said. "His new bicycle is gone. The boy has probably just gone off on his own."

Outside, the wind blew hard. Martin's father pounded his fist on the kitchen table.

"My son would not worry his mother like this! The boy is missing. Why can't you find him?"



"We're doing everything we can," the sheriff tried to reassure him.

But Martin's father was through sitting and listening and waiting. He grabbed the keys to his van and stormed from the house. The sheriff caught him outside. He looked at Martin's father sternly. "The best thing you can do is stay calm and stay here." Just then, the radio in the sheriff's car came to life. The sheriff leaned through the car's open window and picked up the radio receiver.

The crackling voice over the radio gave Martin's father a start. "We've found something out on the Laguna Madre. I think you need to see this."

Martin's father climbed into his van. "I'm coming, too," he said.



The wind had covered the bridge to the island with inches of sand. Martin's father raced along, with the sheriff's car close behind. On the side of the road just ahead, Martin's father spotted the flashing lights of the deputy's car and hit the brakes.

When he saw the bike, half-buried on the side of the road, Martin's father cried out, "That's my son's!"

The deputy aimed a torch at the rear wheel. "Rim's bent."

"Was he...?" Martin's father could not say it.

"No, I don't think it was a hit-and-run accident. There aren't any paint chips from a car, or skid marks – at least, none we can see in this storm. But that's not all. Look over here." The sheriff and Martin's father

followed the deputy across the sand to the curandera's shack. "We found this," the deputy said, shining his torch on to the sand, illuminating a bloody T-shirt.

"Is it your boy's?" the sheriff asked.

Martin's father swallowed hard. "I don't know. It looks like it could be his size."

The sheriff nodded towards the shack. "What about her?" he asked the deputy.

"She said she didn't see or hear anything. She claims she was at Bird Island Basin most of the day, scavenging for crayfish and snakes."

"Crazy woman," the sheriff muttered. Still, he walked up to the shack and rapped on the screen door.

The woman came to the door. She was wearing a long, fringed skirt and a necklace made of owl feathers. "Have you found the little boy yet?" she asked, her voice concerned.

"No, ma'am," said the sheriff. "Do you mind if we come in and ask you a few questions?"

She pushed open the door, and the three men entered.

The room was filled with smoke from the fire in the stove. Through the haze, the men saw that the curandera's home was cluttered with feathers and garlands of dried herbs, flowers and leaves. Jars and cages lined the walls, and in each was a living thing: an iridescent hummingbird, a hairy spider, a tongue-flicking iguana.

From a dark corner of the room, a cry suddenly rang out. The three men turned. Martin's father gasped. The woman had somehow trapped a large blue heron inside a cage. It stood with one leg lifted and bent, as if the bird were hurt. The heron cried a second and a third time. Then

struggling, the bird tried to lift its wings, but the cage was too confining.

"Poor thing," the curandera cooed, peering through the bars of the cage. "I found it just today on the island. It was hurt, you see, but I have a way with wild things. In a few days, I'll release it into the lagoon, where it can fish forever."

"We found this outside your door," the sheriff said, showing her the bloody T-shirt.

"Oh, that old rag," the curandera said. "I used it to wipe the blood from my arm. A blue heron is not a tame bird, Sheriff." She showed him her arm. Four deep claw marks were still painfully red on her skin.

Sighing deeply, the sheriff said,

"Thanks for your help, ma'am. We'd better go out there and get on with our search."

As the men turned to leave, the caged heron began to shriek. Martin's father looked over his shoulder at it, then shook his head sadly and left.

Through the bars of his cage, Martin watched his father leave. He stretched his long neck, opened his mouth, and cried, "Father! Come back! It's me! Don't you see it's me?"

But his father stepped through the door and into the windy night. Then Martin heard the whirr of tyres in the sand as his father drove away.

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD

SpineChiller returns to the west of England, where famously weird creatures and apparitions are often seen...



OWLMAN LIVES!

In Mawnam village, 12-year-old June Melling saw a mystery beast hovering above the church spire. It had a man-sized body, feathered wings, pointed ears and a black beak. Three months later, Sally Chapman and her friend, Barbara Perry, saw the 'Owlman' standing in pine woods near the church. When it took off vertically, they noticed its black, pincer-like feet. Next morning, Jane Greenwood and her sister saw the creature fly into the treetops, from where they heard it cackling. In a letter to a newspaper, Jane wrote: "We were frightened at the time. It was so strange, like something in a horror film."



TUDOR TERRORS

Sandford Orcas Manor is a gargoyle-topped, Tudor house in Dorset. Between 1965 and 1975, when the house was leased out by the owner, the tenants reported an almost endless list of phantoms. There were alleged sightings of old ladies, monks in robes and a ghoulish collection of murderers, including an evil priest and a sinister Moorish servant who killed his master. Screams of another mad murderer, who was once imprisoned there, were also heard echoing from the house on moonlit nights!

OF GHOSTS, DOGS AND GOBLINS

Sir Francis Drake – famous Elizabethan sea captain, explorer and buccaneer – was the first Englishman to sail round the world. In 1588, he was said to have summoned the storm that defeated the mighty Spanish Armada. He lived at Buckland Abbey, where the vast extensions he made were said to have been completed in just three days. To many, this task seemed impossible, as was his defeat of the 'unbeatable' Armada. People said that Drake must have made a pact with the Devil in return for his help. As a result, his ghost was doomed forever to drive a hearse along the old road from Plymouth to Tavistock. Witnesses still see Drake's ghost, with four headless horses pulling the hearse, 12 goblins running before it and a pack of baying, headless hounds running behind! Any dog hearing the ghostly hounds' baying is said to drop dead!

A CORNISH SEA-BEAST

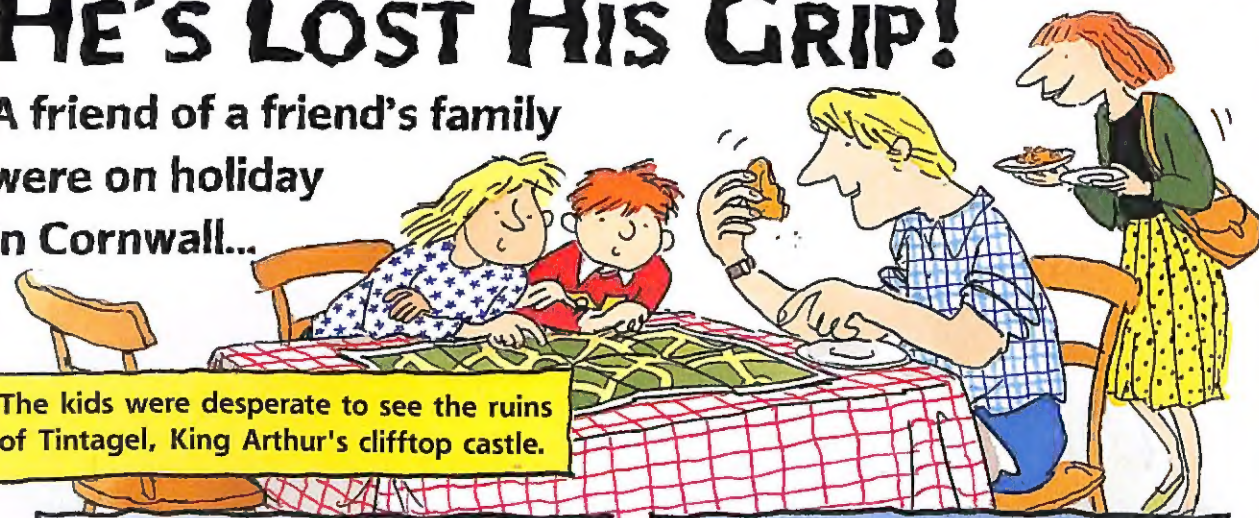
In 1975, Mrs Scott and Mr Riley saw a strange creature swimming off Pendennis Point. It had stumpy horns, a long, bristly neck and humps. During 1976 and 1977, many people saw the monster, which was named Morgawr, meaning 'sea monster' in the old Cornish language. The person who took the 1976 photo below, said: "It looked like an elephant waving its trunk, but the trunk was a long neck ending in a small head, like a snake's head... Its humps moved in a weird way."



He's Lost His Grip!

A friend of a friend's family were on holiday in Cornwall...

1 The kids were desperate to see the ruins of Tintagel, King Arthur's clifftop castle.



2 It was a full moon that night, so Dad agreed to drive to the castle after dinner.



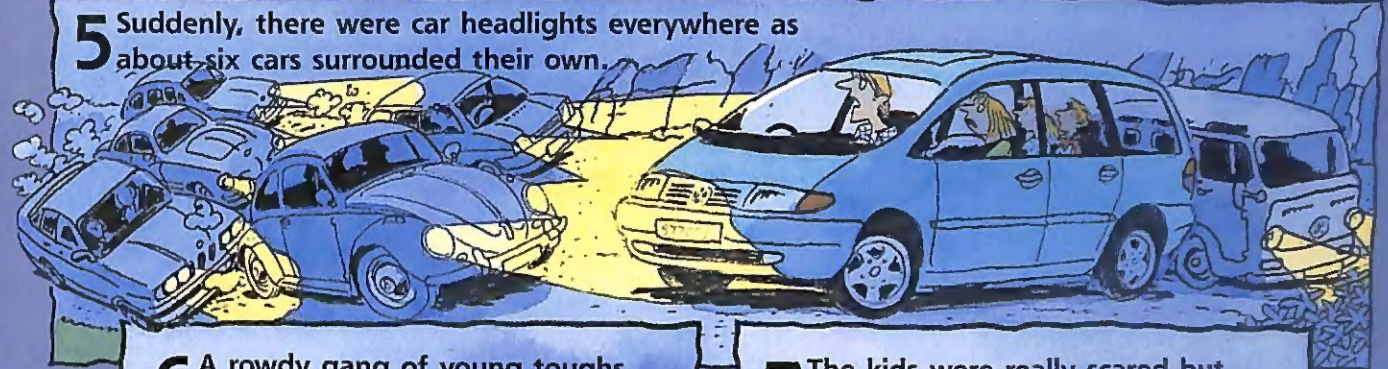
3 The deserted ruins looked very spooky in the moonlight. Dad took a picture with his new camera.



4 They'd brought a flask of coffee, so they got back in the car to soak up the peaceful moonlit scene of the ruins and the bay below.



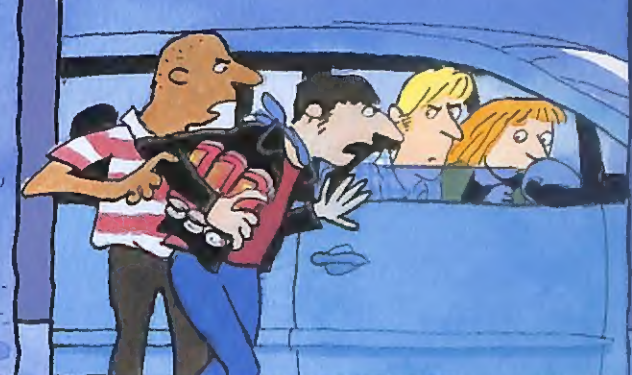
5 Suddenly, there were car headlights everywhere as about six cars surrounded their own.



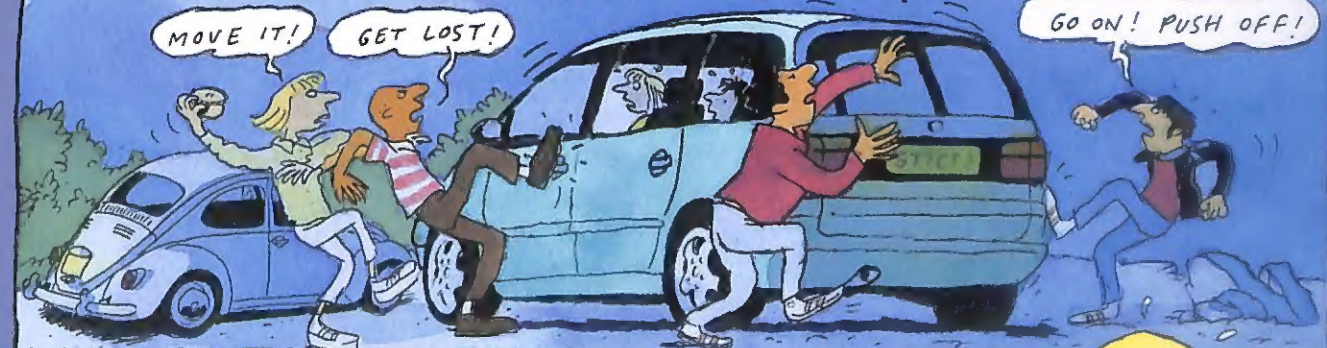
6 A rowdy gang of young toughs poured from the cars and started yelling threateningly at the family.



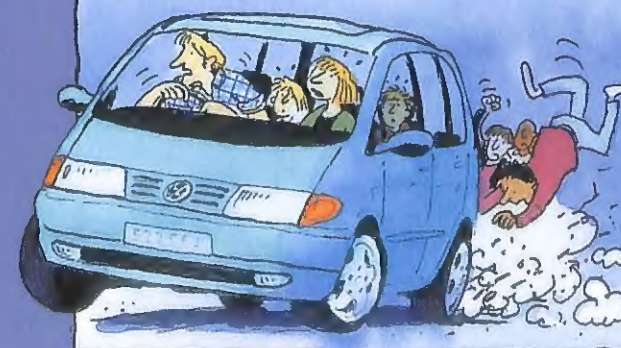
7 The kids were really scared but Dad opened the window and told the gang to push off.



8 Some of the guys kicked the car and yelled, "We're going to have a party here and we don't want any boring tourists around to spoil it!"



9 As a couple of the guys grabbed the rear bumper and started to rock the car, Dad switched on the ignition and took off, fast!



10 Safely back at their hotel, Dad checked the car for damage and found three bloody fingers jammed between the boot and the bumper!



SPRING-HEELED JACK

Special Investigation File: 28

Subject: a mysterious leaping man
Place: London and other English towns

SpineChiller creates a file

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

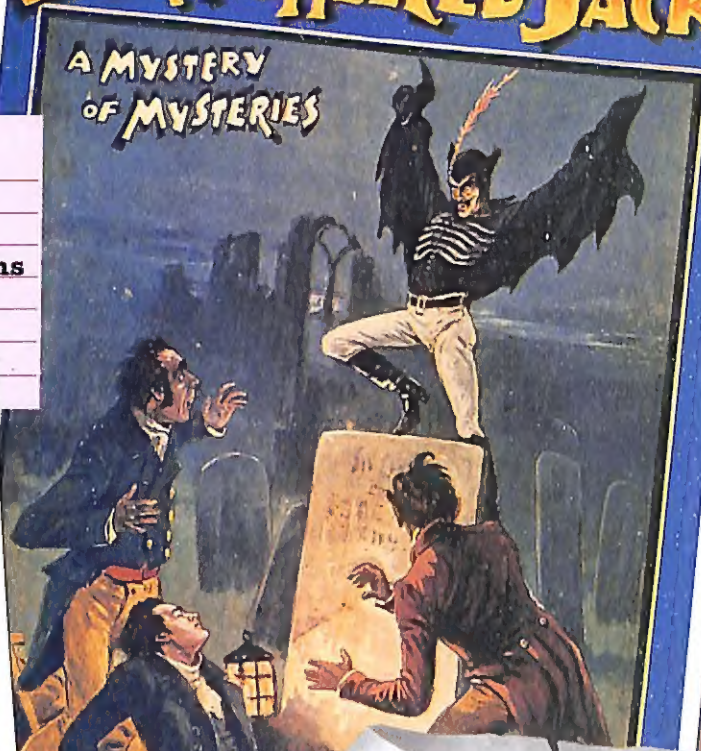
In the early 19th century, reports began to spread of a prowler stalking the streets of London. Descriptions of this man varied. Some said he wore a cloak, others claimed he dressed in a suit of armour.

All the reports agreed on one fact, however. The fearsome figure was able to leap high into the air – far higher than any normal human. People assumed that this athletic power came from springs in the mystery man's boots. As a result, he gained the nickname 'Spring-heeled Jack'.

Stories of his exploits remained little more than rumour until 1838, when he began to attack young girls...

SPRING-HEELED JACK

A MYSTERY
OF MYSTERIES



Evidence no: 28/1
19th-century book
cover showing
Spring-heeled Jack

21 February 1838 JACK JUMPS AGAIN!

'Spring-heeled Jack'
struck again yesterday.
This time, his victim was
18-year-old Jane Alsop.

Jane's ordeal began when the villain knocked at the door of her house. When she answered, he said that he was a policeman and asked for a candle. This, he claimed, was to help him catch Spring-heeled Jack, who was nearby.

However, when Jane returned, the man – none other than Jack himself – breathed flames right into her face. In the candlelight, she could see that his nails were vicious talons and his eyes gleaming red orbs. Jane's sisters heard her screams and came to the rescue. But Jack bounded away.

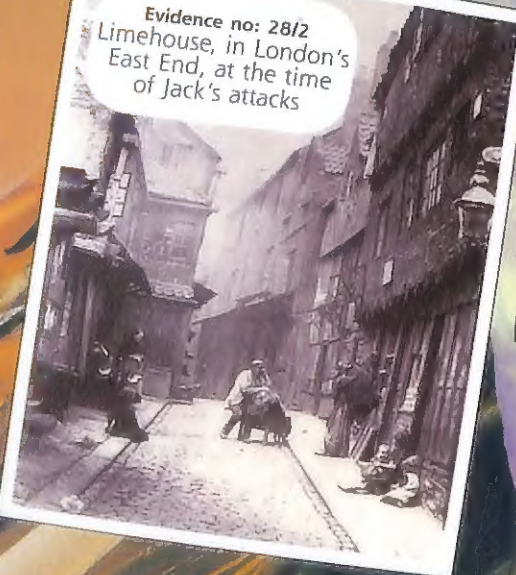
19 February 1838

Dear Pearl

Do you remember Lucy and Margaret Scales? Well, yesterday they were walking past Green Dragon Alley, not half a mile from here, when a man jumped out at them. Then he opened his mouth and poured tongues of blue flame into Lucy's face. She slumped to the ground in terror. The man then fled, bounding along in great leaps. No woman in Limehouse now dares go out alone. We can only hope that the police catch this fiend soon.

Your loving friend
Emily

Evidence no: 28/2
Limehouse, in London's
East End, at the time
of Jack's attacks



Evidence no: 28/3
Folly Ditch on
Jacob's Island



FURTHER SIGHTINGS

Here is my report into the two major sightings of Spring-heeled Jack that took place outside London.

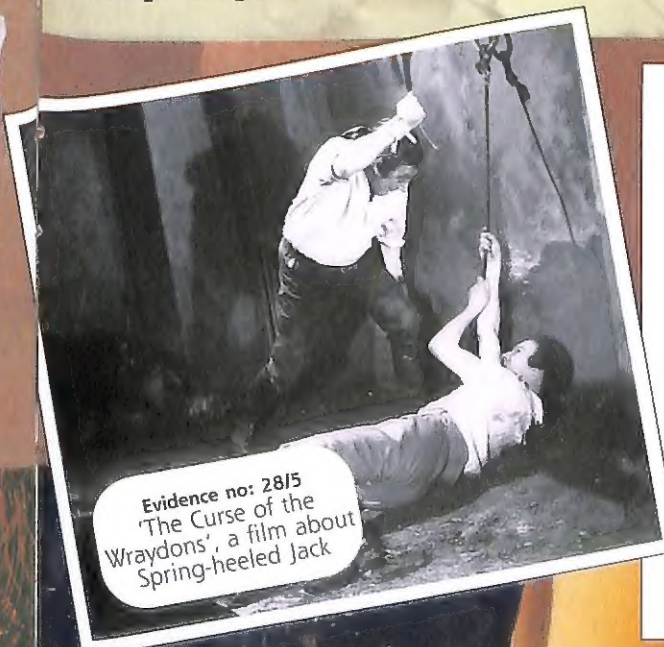
Aldershot, Hampshire

In 1877, Jack apparently attacked a sentry outside Aldershot Barracks. The criminal slapped the soldier about the face with icy hands before leaping off. Other soldiers later claimed similar experiences, but the bouncing bounder was never caught.

Everton, Liverpool

In 1904, residents of William Henry Street, in Liverpool, reported seeing a stranger taking leaps as high as 7m. In fact, this was probably not Jack but a local mentally ill man who had climbed on top of his house. He was jumping between roofs to escape the police.

Evidence no: 28/5
'The Curse of the
Wraydons', a film about
Spring-heeled Jack

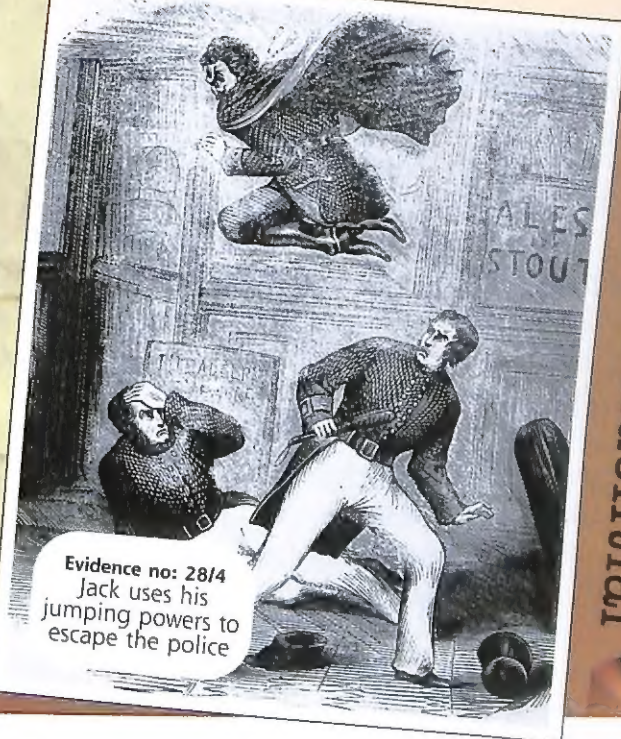


MURDER REPORT

Date: 1845
Place: Jacob's Island, Bermondsey,
East London
Incident: Murder of Maria Davis

It is my painful duty to report the killing of a 13-year-old girl in this slum area of East London. You may know that it consists largely of tumbledown houses, separated by ditches full of all manner of filth.

The murder occurred when Maria Davis was crossing Folly Ditch on a small wooden bridge. According to eyewitness reports, she was hurled into the mud below by the mysterious figure known as Spring-heeled Jack. Despite police efforts to save her, she drowned in the mire.



Evidence no: 28/4
Jack uses his
jumping powers to
escape the police

Confidential

WHO WAS SPRING-HEELED JACK?

Some people believe that Jack was in fact Henry, Marquis of Waterford. An aristocrat famous for his practical jokes, Waterford is known to have been in London when the attacks took place. He had bulging eyes like Jack, and his family crest was based on the letter W, which some witnesses said they saw on Jack's clothes. But no one has explained how he managed to breathe flames.

Waterford could certainly not have been behind the later attacks, as he died in 1859. So Jack and his high jumps remain a mystery.



Chapter 1

THE BODY-SNATCHER

Retold from a story by Robert Louis Stevenson

Every night of the year, rain or shine, four of us sat in the small parlour of the George at Debenham – the undertaker, the landlord, Fettes, and myself. Fettes was an old, drunken Scotsman, a man of education obviously, and a man of some wealth, since he did not appear to work for his living. He had come to Debenham years ago and was now an adopted townsman.

Fettes' place in the parlour at the George, his absence from church and his disreputable vices were much talked of in Debenham. He drank rum – five glasses every evening – and for most of the night sat, glass in hand, in a melancholy alcoholic daze. We called him the Doctor, as he had some special knowledge of medicine, and had been known to set a fracture. But beyond these slight particulars, we had no knowledge of his past.

One winter night, there was a sick man in the George, a rich landowner who had had a stroke. The great man's still greater London doctor had rushed to his bedside.

"He's come," said the landlord.

"The doctor?" said I.

"Himself," replied our host.

"What's his name?"

"Macfarlane," said the landlord.

Fettes, almost through his third tumbler of rum, and stupidly befuddled, seemed to awaken suddenly, as if rising from the dead. "Macfarlane?" he said, quietly. Then his voice became clear, loud and steady. "Not Dr Wolfe Macfarlane?"

"Yes," said the landlord.

"Do you know him, then, Doctor?" asked the undertaker.

"God forbid!" was the reply. "And yet, there can't be two of them. Is he old?"

"Well," said the landlord, "his hair is white, but he looks younger than you."

"He's older, though. It's the rum you see in my face – rum and sin. He may have an easy conscience and a good digestion. Conscience! Hear me speak. You would think I was some good, decent Christian. But no, not I."

"You do not share the landlord's high opinion of this doctor," I said.

Fettes ignored me and then declared, "I must see him face to face."

There was a brief pause. A door closed sharply on the first floor, and

afterwards a step was heard upon the stair.

"That will be the good doctor now," said the landlord.

Fettes stood and walked up to the foot of the stairs, just in time to meet the man.

Dr Macfarlane was alert and vigorous. A well-dressed figure, with a gold watch chain and gold spectacles, he was obviously wealthy and successful. It was a surprising contrast to see our parlour drunk – dirty, pimpled, and dressed in his threadbare old cloak – confront him on the threshold.

"Macfarlane!" he said loudly, with no friendliness in his voice.

The great doctor pulled up short on the fourth step. He was evidently shocked at the familiar manner in which he had so unexpectedly been addressed.

"Toddy Macfarlane!" repeated Fettes.

Macfarlane stared at the man before him. "Fettes!" he said, in a startled whisper.

"Ay," said the other, "me! Did you think I was dead, too?"

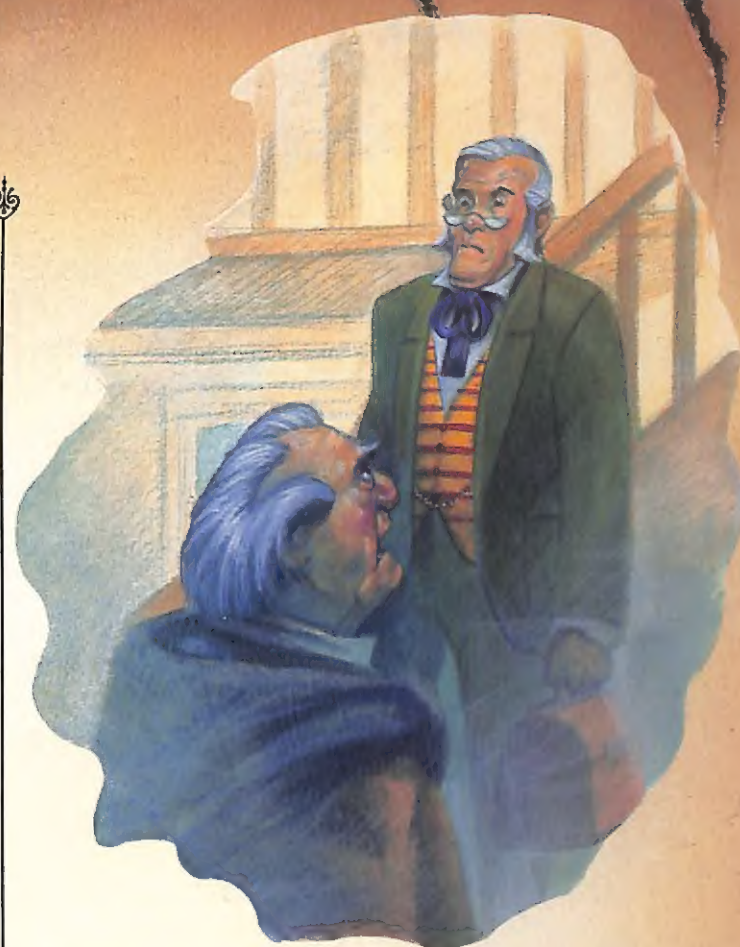
"Sssshhh!" exclaimed the doctor. "This is a surprise. I hardly knew you, at first. But I'm overjoyed to see you – overjoyed. Must dash, however, the carriage is waiting and I mustn't miss my train. Give me your address and I'll be in touch. We must do something for you, Fettes. You appear to have fallen on hard times."

"Money?" cried Fettes. "From you? The money that I once had from you is lying exactly where I threw it in the rain."

This abrupt refusal cast Dr Macfarlane back into embarrassed confusion.

A horrible, ugly look came and went across his face. "No offence meant, dear fellow," he said. "In that case, I'll leave you my address."

"I don't wish to know the roof that shelters you," Fettes interrupted. "I just



heard your name and feared it might be you. I wished to know if, after all, there were a God. But now I know that there is, in fact, none. Begone!"

At that, the great London physician hesitated. There was a dangerous glitter in his spectacles. But the presence of so many witnesses made him decide to flee and he darted, like a serpent, for the door. As he passed, Fettes clutched him by the arm and said, in a whisper that was painfully distinct, "Have you seen it again?" Macfarlane pulled his arm away and fled.

The next night, we were all standing breathless by the bar-room window, and Fettes, at our side, was sober and deathly pale.

"God protect us, Mr Fettes!" said the landlord. "These are strange things you have been saying."

Fettes looked us each in the face. "That man Macfarlane is not safe to cross."

And then, without finishing his glass, he went forth, into the black night.

We three turned to our places by the fire, and our surprise soon turned to curiosity. We sat late, discussing the possible causes of Fettes' agitation. Over the following days and weeks, I wormed out the true story. There is probably no other man alive who could narrate to you the following foul and unnatural events.

In his young days, Fettes had studied medicine in Edinburgh. He was well mannered, attentive, intelligent and liked by his masters, one of whom was a certain teacher of anatomy, whom I shall here call Mr K. In the second year of his attendance, Fettes acquired the position of second demonstrator in Mr K's class.

The theatre and lecture-room were his responsibility, and part of his duty was to supply, receive, and divide bodies for dissection. With a view to this responsibility, he lived in the same building as the dissecting rooms. Here, after a night of

drinking, his hand still tottering, his sight still misty, he would be called out of bed before dawn by the shady individuals who supplied the corpses. He opened the door to these men, helped them with their tragic burdens, paid them their price. Then, when they had gone, he remained alone with the bodies. From such scenes he returned to snatch another hour or two of slumber, to recover from the night's drinking and to refresh himself for the labours of the day.

The slave of his own desires and low ambitions, he was almost insensible to the fate of the fellow humans whose corpses he took in. Although he was extremely cold and selfish, however, Fettes was careful enough to avoid any kind of inconvenient drunkenness or punishable theft. He also wanted the respect of his masters and fellow pupils. So he always made sure to do particularly well in his studies.

The supply of corpses was a continual trouble, both to Fettes and to his master. In that large, busy class, they were always running out of cadavers. Getting replacements was not only very unpleasant in itself, but threatened highly

dangerous consequences to all concerned. It was the policy of Mr K to ask no questions in his dealings with the trade. "They bring the body and we pay the price," he often used to say. "Ask no questions," he would tell all his assistants firmly, "for the sake of your own consciences."

There was no understanding, however, that the corpses were those of murder victims. If that idea had been suggested to Mr K, he would have recoiled in horror. On the other hand, the very lightness of Mr K's speech upon so grave a matter was a temptation to the men with whom he dealt.

Fettes had certainly often remarked upon the freshness of the bodies he received. He was often struck, too, by the abominable looks of the ruffians who brought them to him before dawn. Putting these two facts together in his private thoughts led him to suspect the worst. But he understood his

duty to have three branches: to take what was brought, to pay the price and to avert his eyes from any evidence of crime.

THE FACTS

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-94) was born in Edinburgh and studied law at the city's university. While still a student, he began to write magazine articles. Then, after he became a barrister, he turned his hand to books. The first of these was *An Inland Voyage* (1878), about a canoe trip that he had made through France. Later he wrote short stories such as *The Body-Snatcher* (1884) and novels such as *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (1886), as well as poetry and plays. Stevenson married an American woman called Fanny Osbourne, and in 1890 they both went to live on the Pacific island of Samoa. He died there four years later at the age of 44.



One November morning his silence was put sharply to the test. He had been awake all night with raging toothache, but had fallen into an uneasy slumber when he was awakened by an angry knock at the door. It was cold and windy outside. The men had come much later than usual, and seemed more than usually eager to be gone.

Fettes, sick with sleep, lit their way upstairs, then leaned his shoulder against the wall, dozing. But as the visitors stripped the sack from their sad merchandise, Fettes' weary eyes lighted on the dead face. He started. Taking two steps nearer the body, with the candle raised, he cried aloud, "God Almighty! That is Jane Galbraith!"

The men answered nothing, but just shuffled nearer the door.

"I know her, I tell you," he continued, horrified. "She was alive and hearty only yesterday. It's quite impossible that she can now be dead; it's quite impossible that you should have got this body fairly."

WORD POWER

melancholy – sorrowful; sad

threadbare – shabby; with the raised fibres worn away to reveal the threads beneath

physician – a doctor

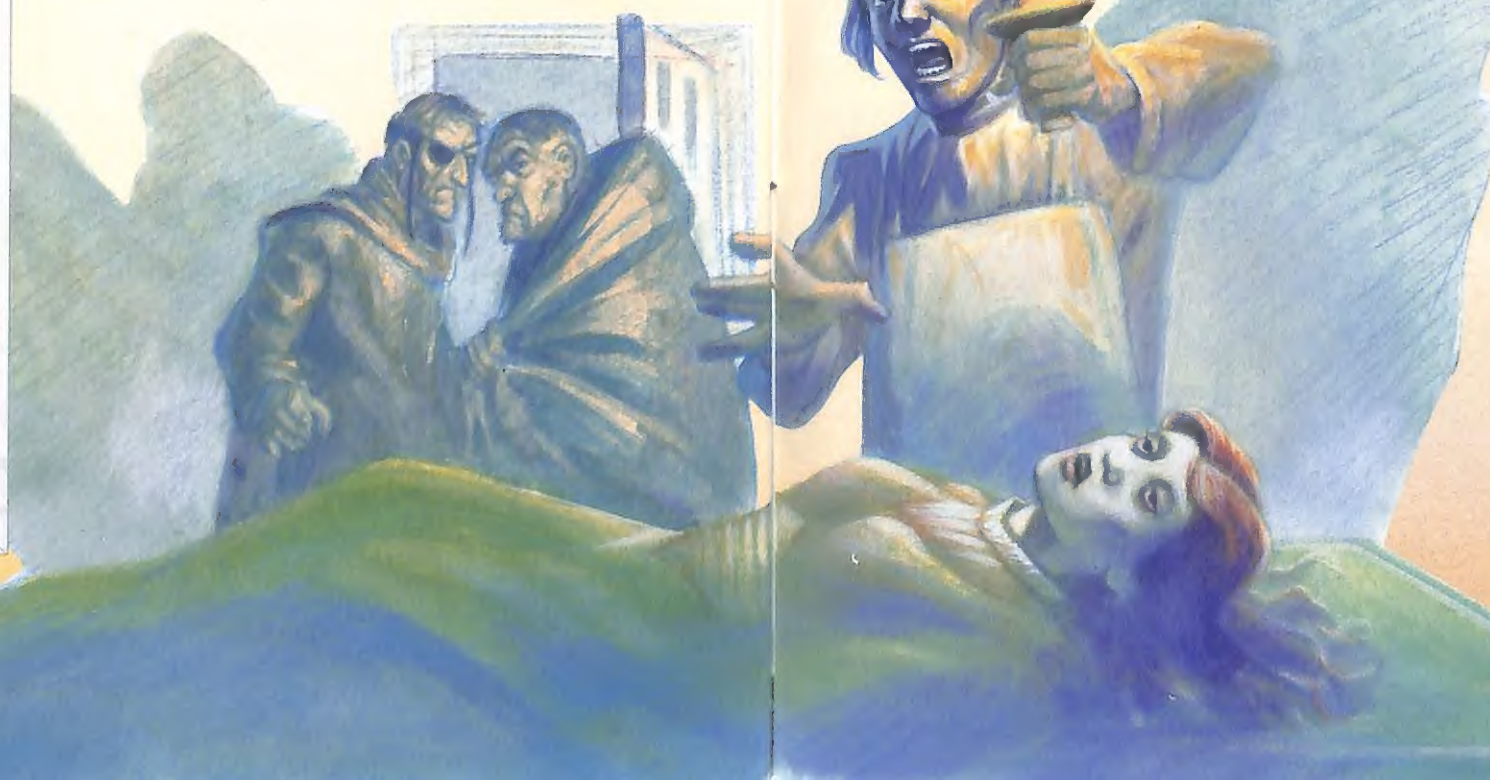
anatomy – the study of the structure of human and animal bodies

demonstrator – an assistant who carries out practical work, experiments etc, for example during lectures

dissection – cutting something into pieces to examine its structure

insensible to – unaffected by

cadavers – corpses



NEXT ISSUE:

The truth about Dr Macfarlane



MEN IN BLACK PUZZLES

MIB SEARCH

These 27 words are all hidden in the grid. But if you are a true MIB, you'll find six extra words that have nothing to do with BLACK.

- | | | |
|-----------|-------|--------|
| BLACKBIRD | BOARD | MAIL |
| CHARCOAL | BOOK | MARKET |
| COAL | DEATH | OLIVE |
| CROW | HEAD | POOL |
| EBONY | HOLE | SHEEP |
| NIGHT | JACK | SMITH |
| ARROW | LIST | SPOT |
| BELT | LOOK | THORN |
| BERRY | MAGIC | WIDOW |

N S T S I L W T S S A R G S
R K M L D O G E K M A I L C
O N C I D R R X W P O H Y C
H M D A T X R A S O M O B H
T O A J J H A W S O R U B A
W B I R Y B O K S O B D C R R
B C L V K N E T O L O O P C
P O C A S E A R A O J D U O
E B O W C R T S R M L E H A
H A B L D K P T M Y O A E L
S T C L T V T I A G G H D L
L T N R O O E U R O I I S E
E B O N Y H G K K D C N C B

ALIEN ALERT
Like the MIB, you have 60 seconds to locate all the illegal Aliens!

WEIRD SHAPES
Each shape represents a number. Can you find the missing total?

FACT OR FICTION?
Are Men in Black US Government agents sent to track down aliens or are they aliens themselves, trying to find out about life on Earth?

ANSWERS
ALIEN ALERT: There are 32 hidden illegal Aliens
MIB SEARCH: The six extra words are COALIT CRUMPT
GRASS MUSTARD SNOW TOMATO



LIVE WIRES

You may know people with a magnetic or electric personality, but did you know there are people who claim they can light up a light bulb simply by rubbing it, or make all sorts of objects stick to their bodies? How do they do it? Is it some kind of trick or are they really live wires?

FREAKY FORCE

In January 1985, Dr Michael Shallis of Oxford University revealed the strange case of Jacqueline Priestman, who had an alarming ability to make sparks fly – quite literally!

Since the age of 22, Jacqueline has constantly been blowing fuses and causing the television to change channel. Dr Shallis announced that she had ten times more static electricity in her body than was normal.

Dr Shallis also studied 600 other people who claimed to have similar electrical powers. He discovered that 150 of these people had been in houses when they were struck by lightning – but that doesn't explain where the other 450 got their power from!



▼ FLYING OBJECTS

Angelique Cottin, the 'electric girl', demonstrates her shocking powers.



▲ THE HUMAN BATTERY

Schoolboy Liam Lowsley has been 'supercharged' since he was electrocuted in a thunderstorm in 1995.

SPARKY SPOOKS

In 1846, a 13-year-old French girl, Angelique Cottin, exhibited strange powers that led to her being called the 'electric girl'. All kinds of objects bounced away from Angelique and people often experienced electric-like shocks if they were standing close to her. When a scientific team from Paris started testing her powers, they seemed to disappear. She was never accused of fraud, however.

These sparky events are also similar to the antics associated with poltergeists – so perhaps there is a ghostly explanation for these live wires.



◀ **SHOCKING... BUT TRUE?**
An electric shock survivor claimed to see through people, just like an X-ray machine. X-ray of human kidneys (left).

X-RAY VISION

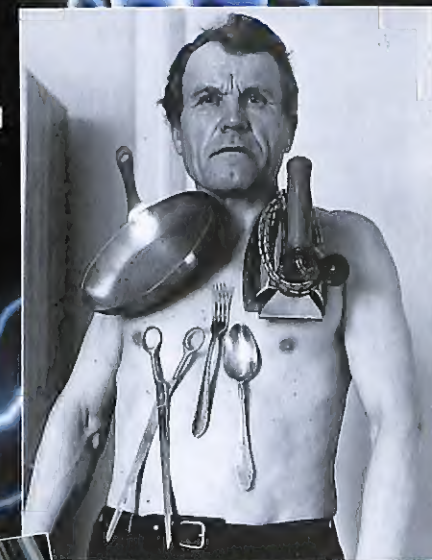
As well as those people who generate electricity, being on the receiving end of a huge electric shock can also result in extraordinary powers, according to the Russian newspaper 'Izvestia'. They reported the case of Yuliya Vorobyeva from the Ukraine who received a lethal electric shock in 1978. She was pronounced dead, but when an autopsy was begun she started to bleed and shake and 'came back to life'.

Six months went by, then one morning Yuliya woke up to discover she had X-ray vision and was able to see people's insides! She went on to assist doctors in diagnosing internal diseases, and, it's claimed, she was never wrong!



▲ SECOND-HAND MAGNETISM

The man with the iron only had magnetic powers when assisted by the Russian psychic, Edward Naumov.



▲ **THE MAGNETIC MAN**
Nikolai Suvorov with kitchen equipment at the ready!

MODERN HUMAN MAGNETS

People with magnetic powers attract objects in just the same way that a magnet attracts iron filings.

At the age of 55, Nikolai Suvorov, from the Kirov region of Russia, suddenly discovered he had amazing magnetic powers. All sorts of objects would stick to his body, including glass and plastic as well as metals.

Nikolai claimed not to know where his weird powers had come from. He said that he had never smoked or drunk alcohol, and had always enjoyed a healthy sporting life.

Human magnetism can also be passed on, according to the Russian psychic investigator, Edward Naumov. In 1994, he attached several magnetic objects, including a heavy iron, to a visiting Briton, Kevin Braithwaite. When he was alone, Kevin found his mysterious second-hand magnetism had just as mysteriously vanished!

SOURCE OF THE FORCE?

Where do these strange and extraordinary powers come from?

Sometimes doctors have shown that people can develop unusually high levels of electricity or magnetism after an illness – but much more frequently they have had to admit that they are completely baffled!

▼ STICKY FINGERS...

Kirstina Zareva from South Africa demonstrates her magnetic powers.



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